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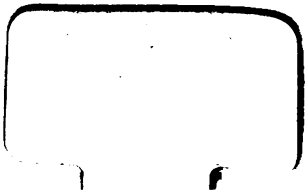

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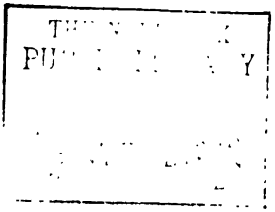

Jno. H. Dooley.

CARMINA SACERDOTIS

BY
REV. JOHN H. DOOLEY

NEW YORK
WILLIAM H. YOUNG & COMPANY
27 BARCLAY STREET
1899

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TO

MY DEAR FRIEND AND

COMPANION

THE REV. JOHN JOSEPH MALLON

THESE VERSES ARE

DEDICATED.

19 FEB '65

PREFACE.

THE life of the Catholic priest, especially if he is a secular, is so much occupied with clerical duties, sick calls, office hours, etc., not forgetting the large number of social obligations, that it may seem not incredible to say: "He is indeed a multiplied being." Consequently, the few moments spared to ourselves are a priceless boon. Some such moments have given the writer an opportunity to put together a few thoughts on various matters, which he presents to his friends. He hopes that if they show not the perfection seen in other books, at least they will serve to bring back pleasant memories and help to renew some noble affections of heart and mind.

Respectfully in Christ,

THE AUTHOR.

ST. ANN'S RECTORY, *June*, 1899.

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CARMINA SACERDOTIS.

DEDICATION.

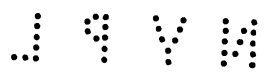
To the fairest of the fair,
To the Queen of night and day,
To a maiden, jewel rare,
My heart shall sing its lay.
To thee, O Queen of Heaven, Mary
Mother dear,
O, teach my love forever to rise and
dare all fear.

In the Angel land on high,
Where Thy Son doth dwell with
Thee
I would ask before I die
That Thou hear and answer me.
To Thee, O Queen of Heaven! Mary
Mother dear,
These lines are dedicated, by one who
would be near.

THE SALUTATION.

FROM Spirit land an Angel came
Seeking the fairest flower of earth;
And many saw, but none compared
With the lily blooming on Juda's hearth.
"Ave!" spoke the Vision fair.
"Hail! Thou Virgin lily rare,
Hail! protectress of mankind,
Listen to my Angel prayer."

"Henceforth be Thou forever blest!
Bearing within Thy Virgin's girth
A Son, "The Word of God," made flesh,
As the Lord had willed at Nature's birth.
"Hail! O Virgin of our race,
Thou alone art filled with grace,
Thou alone of womankind
Shall our mother Eve replace."



THE PRESENTATION.

Oh, sweetest, fairest maid, earth born,
In God's own temple thou must lead
Thy virgin soul; and like the morn
Drive off dark Night, that binds men's souls.
In thought, and word and vicious deed.

O, Sacred Temple! Holy Shrine,
Thou hast within a jewel rare;
According to the Will Divine
Thou art become an angel home
Where purest hopes shall rise in prayer.

Ye parents! Anne and Joachim,
Could we conceive your happy souls
Within our minds so dull and dim,
No sorrows dare our peace disturb;
Thrice happy they whom God condoles!

To thee, most Heavenly Queen we pray,
In thine our heart to have a place.
Protect us, guide us, day by day,
That in Thy Presentation we
May learn to seek a Mother's grace.

MARY, QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

WHERE shall we turn when dire oppressed
By storms of life and feelings sad;
And who will be our friend in need
To guide us right and make us glad?
But Mary, Queen of Heaven.

No matter what our grievance be
Or great the load that weighs us down,
Let her but hear our plaintive cries
Then vanish fear and sigh and frown.
With Mary, Queen of Heaven.

She is the warmth that dries the tears,
Slow trickling from the mourner's eye;
She is the smile that breaks the frown,
She is the hope of all who die,
Our Mary Queen of Heaven.

Her soul bejewelled with the love
That God alone, her Son, can give
For us is ever brimming o'er
That we may love like her and live.
Like Mary, Queen of Heaven.

Our lives are spent in useless ways
And wasted on most sinful things;
Oh, Mother Sweet! correct us now,
And save us from the future's stings,
Oh, Mary, Queen of Heaven!

ST. ANNE.

THE wisest plans of men seem small,
If placed beside an Angel's task;
While nothingness would 'pear their all
Should they in God's own sunshine bask;
So why explain,
Or why complain,
When unknown things our minds appall.

A woman born in royal blood
Through many years of marriage life,
Knew not the dreams of motherhood;
Rebuked, forsooth as useless wife.
Yet God decreed
That from her seed,
To men would flow His grace—a flood.

When barrenness forever set
Its seal upon her human frame

Through grief her eyes were often wet,
And bowed her head in very shame;
Her soul was filled,
Her being thrilled,
To think that God would bless her name.

His miracle most surely wrought
A wondrous change in nature's plan,
Her life with blessings now is fraught,
Her story told from man to man.
Behold her child!
God's Mother mild,
The gift of Heav'n to St. Anne.

ST. JOSEPH.

FEAST DAY, MARCH 19.

BLEST hour! that comes to us this festal
day,
That we might praise, in glad accord,
The foster-father of Our Lord.
That we might show by act and word
The love that moves the heart to pray.

How like the pearl before it meets the
gaze,
Thy saintly virtues hidden well
Beneath the rough unpolished shell
Of poverty, and simple life,
With Christ, Thou spent Thy earthly
days.

How like the star, at first unknown,
unseen,
Until with purest brilliant light,

Then other stars more pure more bright,
Thy life upon us grew, and now,
Appears alone to shine serene.

Hail! saintly Joseph, let Thy soul sublime
Untainted with the things of earth,
All pure and chaste from very birth,
Grow fonder of us, for Thou art
The Christian's patron for all time.

ST. GABRIEL.

At the midnight hour,
When the land was hushed,
And Peace had settled everywhere,
An Angel came to a maiden pure
Kneeling alone in silent prayer.

A most beautiful sight,
Was the maiden rare,
With all her thoughts on God above.
So that the Angel had to pause
Dreading to check her sighs of love.

When the prayer was o'er,
At her feet he bowed,
And told the message he'd to tell;
And heard the sweet words from her lips,
Precious more than gems they fell.

With an Angel's grace,
From the maiden went
  This messenger of God and man.
While slumbering mortals took their rest
  Knowing naught of the Master's plan.

CHRISTMAS SONNET.

WHAT say the midnight bells to frost and snow,
As peal on peal re-echo thro' the night?
Wherefore the joy that fills the heavenly light
And sheaths in brighter lustre every glow?
The very winds seem crazed with glee, and blow
Right merry whistling tunes o'er vale and height.
It cannot be that Madness, nay, nor Fight,
On wings ethereal, seek to welcome Woe?

Hear thou! 'Tis Love, in purest, holiest sense,
They, greeting give; but unrestrained and free,

Love's symbol Christ,—forth from whose might immense,
In fond obedience to th' eterne decree
They've come. Let, then, their joy forever hence
Live on and fill the world with jubilee.

EASTER-TIDE.

"HE risen is, He is not here."
O, words that come from angel lips,
That mean so much to those who hear,
And bring such hope to human souls,
To fill their lives, their efforts cheer.

Ha! Death, thou Victor, vanquished art,
No more a terror shalt thou have
For us, who love the Sacred Heart.
With Satan you may keep your place,
For in Christ's life we have *our* part.

"WHAT SHALL NEW-YEAR'S BRING?"

YES! what shall New-Year's bring to them
Unmindful of their neighbor's life,
Who give their talents, strength and years
To hold first place in social strife?

Who look on poverty as crime,
And scorn to meet the simpler folk,
While round them strew with sinful hand
Oppressions worse than any slavery's yoke.

And what shall New-Year's bring to them
Like princes decked, for outward show,
Who inward are like noisome tombs
Where dead men's bones are resting low?

To whom king "Pleasure" means their
all,
And "empty show" their greatest
gain,
These are their idols; what care they
About the world of want and pain!

Perhaps not much shall New-Year's
bring
To these, and yet sufficient give,
For nature bows to only *One*,
Who tells us when to die or live.

And when He speaks, not soul alone
Shall answer to its Master's call.
Why, then, these vain pursuits of life
If finally we must lose all?

O, what shall New-Year's bring to us?
We cannot say. Yet this we know,
"To love our God and neighbor well"
Will bring much joy on earth below.

IN LENTEN TIME.

When loudest sound the merry bells of time
In keeping with the festal days at hand,
They gave the warning, fatal knells that brand
With sorrow e'en the sweetness of their chime,
If in the heart too long allowed to stand,
And dangers bring to souls throughout the land,
Forgetting God's decree: "Thou art forever Mine."

They rang with merry peals of Christmas joy,
To tell that Christ has come to us again;
Yet, though their grandest music would employ

Our love eternally; we'll feel no pain,
When silent they, if we all sin destroy
In Lenten time, and with Our Lord remain.

THE HOLY NAME.

Before the storm in mightiness appears
All nature seems to tremble as in fright;
Mad rushing of the leaves on high; the clouds
Of sand unnatural, take a skyward flight,
Bewildered denizens of air in flocks
All scattered, rushing blindly here and there,
Add more and more to mingled craze and fear,
While clouds of night surround the wind-tossed air.
At length, the blinding flash of light doth rend
The frowning sky,—and smash the mighty oak

Into a thousand bits. Like cannon's roar
The thunders are that boom without the smoke.
We, quaking in our fear at such display
Of mightiness and power, with profit may
Consider well that this is nature's gift
From God. And only in another way
May danger come to justly strike the one
Who, in contempt, reviles His Saviour's name.
For on this earth, in heaven, and in hell,
Must bend the knee in reverence or in shame.

SWEETEST NAMES.

MEMORY, within her precincts, holds in
veneration sweet,
Names that we are proud to utter,
names that we should oft repeat.
Jesus 'mong them first to greet us,
name of Him who set us free,
Name that angels, men and devils must
adore on bended knee.
Mary's name, of women sweetest, next
we love to hear expressed,
Name of Her by Angels honored,
Heaven's Quēen, forever blest.
Joseph's, always brings the mem'ry of
the father gentle, poor,
Honest, faithful, pious, tender, loving,
dutiful and pure.
"Jesus," "Mary," "Joseph" ever
with us precious names and dear,
They should be our constant watch-
word, in this vale of woe and fear.

FAITH.

AWAY with falsehood and hypocrisy
When light more brilliant than the high-noon sun
Shall greet the slave and all who are undone
With magic force and might to make them free.
Arise! ye mourners, send your humble plea
To Him, the Ruler, the Almighty One.
And though no previous efforts were begun
On your part, he will send real charity.

Confide in Him Who rules the Heavens above,
E'en though your crimes outnumber sands of sea
You will not want a friend in time of need,

Nor seek in vain the most entrancing
love
Which comes in gushing torrent happily,
To wash away the dangers to our meed.

HOPE.

With holy Job a portion let us claim
Of that inheritance unknown to sin;
'Twill be as sweetest music 'midst the din
Of earthly discord; while its halcyon flame
Illumination gives the honored name.
The loss of health, of friends, of wealth, of kin
Shall serve to waken thoughts that will have been
The highest, noblest thoughts the mind can frame.

Our needs shall make our trust cling closer still
With confidence in Him Who guides the way.
The tender little buds of faith shall grow

Into the blossoms that unnumbered fill
The tree of life, to make the close of day
Full destined to return with grander show.

LOVE.

THE gleam of sunlight flashing o'er the sea,
The morning carols of the feathered flocks;
The creepers twining round the flinty rocks,
The young brood romping o'er the verdant lea,
The whispered hymn as passed from tree to tree;
The absent heart whose timid beating knocks,
And wakes up feeling like the fearful shock
Of force dynamic struggling to be free.

And yet all these the merest shadows are
Of love, that stirs the universe and gives
All life and impetus to things terrene.

The highest, purest, greatest love by far
Must come from God and in His essence lives;
He gave His life, His love, for love unseen.

WAY OF THE CROSS.

1

Jesus is condemned to die.

SAVIOUR mine, as Thou dost go
Sad in heart and filled with woe,
I shall come and take my stand
Captive, too, by rabble band.

2

Jesus receives the cross.

I would fain become disgraced
Seeing on my shoulders placed
The cross of sin, that Thou must bear
Meek and lowly as your share.

3

Jesus falls the first time.

In Thy fall I see my own
Degradation, yet no moan
From Thy sacred lips reveal
Half the sorrow Thou must feel.

4

Jesus meets His mother.

Look, O Lord, Thy mother dear
Filled with anguish, pain and fear
Seeks Thee out, yet, I stand by,
An unmoved sinner, till I die.

5

Simon the Cyrenean helps carry the cross.

Unlike Simon shall I be
To relieve Thy misery;
Quick to bear the cruel goad,
Quick to take Thy heavy load.

6

Veronica wipes the face of Jesus.

Though my want of Love is shown,
Thou are not yet left alone;
Veronica, Thy good friend,
Comes in pity to attend.

7

Jesus falls the second time.

Earth again receives Thy fall,
To remind us sinners all,

That, unless we live in Thee,
Useless is our human plea.

8

Jesus consoles the women of Jerusalem.

Ne'er shall I forget Thy tones
Spoken to the heart-wrung moans :—
"Women, weep ye, not for Me
For yourselves and children plea."

9

Jesus falls the third time.

At the foot of Calvary's Mount,
For the third time, they must count
Thee as dead,—yet not so.
Onward, upward, Thou wilt go.

10

Jesus is stripped of His garments.

Shameless, now, they leave Thee there
Naked, to the vulgar stare ;
Thus my crimes have branded me
"Sinner"—for Eternity.

11

Jesus is nailed to the cross.

Cruel nails have pierced Thy flesh,
Starting all Thy wounds afresh ;
Tender Mother, turn thy face,
Look not on our last disgrace.

12

Jesus dies on the cross.

Let me hear that sad decree
Crying out my sins to me.
Let me look on that lone place,
See the death that saves my race.

13

Jesus is taken down from the cross.

Nicodemus, friend of God,
Rest Him 'neath this bloodstained sod.
Pray that I may come to Him
When the foe threats life or limb.

14

Jesus is laid in the sepulchre.

Near his tomb my lot is cast,
With His mother to the last.
Then no harm may reach my side;
Thy love, her love, will abide.

THE CHURCH.

THERE it stands,
Raised up by hands
That would not shirk
The noble work
Of giving praise and glory unto God.

Firm and fast,
And unsurpassed,
It stems sin's tide,
The demon's pride,
Yet harbors sinners penitent within.

Day and night
For God and Right,
Through ages past,
From first to last,
The true defender, tender of mankind.

Even now,
All must allow,

Her strength remains,
And still retains
The ravagers and spoilers of the soul.

Years shall come
As troublesome,
But, like the past,
Shall speed as fast
Directed by her mightiness and zeal.

Church of Christ!
Whose worth, unpriced,
Has made us all
Look on man's fall
As something that portrays our real worth.

Dwell on for aye
'Mid us of clay;
And teach alone.
E'er life has flown,
The doctrines and the lessons of Our Lord.

"THE CHALICE THEM ACCORD."

To My Class, June 25, '92.

What matter now the world's deceit or praise?
Henceforth are cast to realms externe of night
The baubles sought so madly in the fight.
Along life's year-paved way, on duty gaze
Until the signal comes,—that day of days—
When God shall stand His faithful on His Right.
Such thoughts, O youthful souls, shall be your might,
Your shield 'gainst tempters to the sinful ways.

And, to The Heart of hearts,—your sole reward,

Let each day's off'ring bear within its
cup
Deeds of the purest love, O, Gracious
Lord!
From Thy eternal throne, receive and
sup.
Reward their love! Thy chalice them
accord,
Their virtues strengthen, and their
hopes lift up!

CHARITY.

One drop upon the parched lips,
  One morsel to the starving poor,
One kindly word, one pleasant look,
  Can mortals' pains and evils cure.

If we thro' life would only pause
  To ponder well this fact so clear,
How much real good we all might do,
  How many hearts and homesteads cheer!

Think, then, how much we'll give to those
  Poor slaves of ev'ry ill and woe!
Think, how our merits are increased,
  Like seed that in good ground we sow.

THE VICAR OF CHRIST.

As we mingle with men, as we study
their ways,
Many lessons we learn that will last all
our days,
That can never be taught in the lines of
a book,
Yet may be seen just as clear as the fish
in a brook.

To the priest who is proving example
for men,
To the laity struggling in vain as they
ken
The worldlings around them in Vanity
Fair,
Pause for a moment, and you will be
moved to declare

There is one whom all classes, all par-
ties, all creeds
Must admit is the man for the times and
the needs;

Whose integrity proves him the far
greater saint
Simply because it's his goodness and
kindness, not paint.

He's at all times God-loving, obedient
and kind
The protector of Innocence, light for
the blind;
The Good Shepherd of all, both the
young and the old,
O, may God grant many years to this
head of His fold.

"A MOTHER'S TEARS."

ADOWN the pallid cheeks incessant flow
The burning tears; they've flowed
for years the same;
From depths unknown—a mother's
heart—they came,
Then upward swell to view, perhaps to
go,
Forgotten. Have I said forgotten?
No!
For heavenly eyes beheld, and, ere
the flame
That rifts the darksome cloudmass
comes, her fame
And tears were borne beyond the lands
of snow.

A priest the sacred chalice holds aloft,
Unknown to him his offering greater
grows;

A mother's tears are added, gentle, soft,
By angels, till it almost overflows.
Thy prayers, good mother, have been heard, and oft
Thy priestly son shall bring thy soul repose.

"ORDAINED."

"THE light of men, the salt of earth;"
Than kings, the kingliest by birth,
More sterling, noble, wise and pure,
They stand in view.

In purest souls lies deep the will
To serve the Master, and fulfil
With voice, and heart, and strength, and mind,
Their calling true.

See! prostrate on earth they lie,
Their souls are soaring, dwelling high
Above the stars, to revel in
The feast of love.

By vow eternal—come what may—
Shall lead their steps up Calvary's way
To seek and serve th' Eternal King,
Our God above.

"Ordained!" O, who is there can tell
The countless thoughts that upward swell
In humble praise and thanks to God—
The prayers untold?

And who can hear the angels' song,
Thro' heavenly places waft along,
As round the snow-white throne on high
These joys unfold.

We, too, the wreaths of prayer now bring,
"Te Deum" gladly shall we sing;
O Lord, direct them how to guard
And lead Thy flock!

O, may they bear the sacred right
Of binding, loosing—Thy own might!
Unsullied, faithful to the end,
And firm as rock.

Go forth, then priests of God! go seek
The rich, the poor, the proud, the meek,

And lead them ever by the hand,
As shepherds true.

Dispel their fears, relieve their woe,
Protect them from the lurking foe,
And love them as your children, all,
For Christ loved you.

BEFORE BAPTISM.

Nocturnal spirit of the dead,
Why came thou here, to torture life?
Thy lot is cast upon the bed
Of slimy worms.
With earth of man,
Thy life began,
And on the life of him is fed;
Hide then, 'neath earth, thy baleful
head.

What can'st thou give, O spirit vile?
Since once you had and fully lost,
No ghostly hand may souls defile
Who live for good.
We fear thee not,
But deem the spot
Polluted, where thy crimes—a pile
Of infancy oft placed, the while.

Thy day hath come and now is past,
Thy power is linked to regions dark;

'Tis said thou wilt forever last.
Where'er thou be,
Then keep thy place,
Nor seek to trace
Thy mis-spent life where hopes are cast,
Like serpents sting, or Satan's blast.

A SECRET PRAYER.

BENEATH the curling lashes, eyes of blue
Gaze upwards into mamma's face.
"How like an angel sent from heaven-land"
Ran through the mother's thoughts apace.

"'Twere sad indeed," thought she, "if baby mine
Should ever stain the beauteous soul
Those eyes reflect so faithfully to-day,
And wander far from life's true goal."

Then spoke the little one as though she knew
What day-dreams, haunted mamma's mind;
"Won't you please tell me what I have to say,
Dear mamma, so's to make God kind?"

A closer clasp, a longer kiss betray
The secret mother has to tell.
"My child, each day of life recite just one
Hail Mary, which you know so well."

A group of pretty maids surround a desk,
Their glowing cheeks and brilliant eyes
Betraying true what burning fires of 'tense
Expectancy their anguish tries.

And one, most fair among the group, behold!
(As opes the choicest bud amid
Its charming sister flowers, and though half seen,
More searching glances doth forbid),

Within her trembling hands a chaplet rare
Of beads, the purest pearls, she holds.
Within her heart, a prayer, her mother taught,
Her soul unto her God unfolds.

Amidst the din of many plauding hands
She walked to where her honors rest;
The crowning wreath upon her head was placed
For God once more her prayer had blessed.

A few years pass as flow the winter streams
To lose themselves in deepest sloughs.
And like them, in the oceanic past
Have drifted many broken vows.

The smile on Summer's cheek a frown becomes
As piercing winds pervade his frame;
Still fail to chill the feverish heart of one
About to toy with Fashion's flame.

Society, in festive garments clothed,
Perverts the hours of work and rest,
And holds the gilded halls—the sinful piles
Of pleasures many—as the best.

Among the throng who worships at this shrine,
Perhaps most eager to implore,
We learn that she who mamma's prayer forgot
Is waiting at the outer door.

A grand triumphal greeting marks her course
And turns her thoughts to sinful things
At times her conscience with a feeble voice
Her prayer to failing mem'ry brings.

Away the hours speed into months and years
For her, no longer happy ones.
Unmasked, her fatal tempter coolly stands
He needs no guise to quell her fears.

Her once good heart, firm steeled to all regret,
Reveals a nature sadly spoiled.

Now, only God can check her maddened will,
All other efforts have been foiled.

At last! the day has come with speeded wing,
And found a woman blanched, and worn,
Unknown, where Charity had placed a bed
To rest the weary and forlorn.

And while the pains which years of crime had brought
Upon her wan and sickly frame,
The thought of "Mother" smote her anguished mind
With other thoughts of sin and shame.

Beside her stands a holy man, who seeks
To comfort all whom dread disease
Had fastened on; when human aid and skill
The racking pains could not appease.

He spoke to her in accents mild, about
The Home and Mother far away;
Until his words sunk in her very heart,
Called on her will to try and pray.

An effort, such as only those can make
Whom gurgling waters close around,
Gave evidence that there was something still
Which conscience tremblingly had found.

That mother's little prayer so often said
And then forgot so many times,
Comes struggling to her purple lips and tongue
To take away the thought of crimes.

"O, Holy Man!" at length she spoke,
"My soul
Relief has found in one sweet prayer,
My mother taught me when in infancy;
It made my heart as light as air.

To God anew I shall return, and much
Repentance prove for all the wrong;
And with thy kindly aid, good priest, I shall
Return the love I've spurned so long."

Again upon her lips the words so sweet,
Her mamma taught in years gone by,
The soothing words: "Hail, Mary, full of grace,"
Came back. She said: "If I should die

I know the Virgin Mother whom I prayed,
In youth, so fervently, will aid
My soul: and seek forgiveness from her Son
Divine, for me, a wicked jade."

"Ah! yes, dear child," the father said:
"'Tis true
The Lord is ready to forgive;

And no repentance will refuse from
those
Who would with Him forever live.

That little prayer, that brought so many
gifts
And favors in your younger days,
Once more repeat as often as you will.
Thus, with a new heart sound His
praise."

A quick convulsive shudder shook her
frame
Her eyes, with glassy stare, ope wide:
And "Death" in all his ghastliness
arrayed,
Another claimed as his own bride.

MOTHER.

As grows the lily from the earth,
All white with beauty rare,—
Which sends the sweetest perfume forth
An incense to the air,
Beloved by all who once behold,
So pure in every way,
No other flow'r in this wide world,
Can hold my heart for aye:
Thou art the lily, mother dear,
The truest one I know.
A radiance comes from thy sweet soul
Bright as a heavenly glow.

THE SEMINARY BELLS.

THE old has gone, forever gone;
Its form withdrawn, fore'er withdrawn,
To rest its aged tones,
To hush its saddening moans,
Its toll
Has ceased to dole
The matins of the morn,
The evening's vesper song.
Farewell!
Let future glory tell
Thy praises, dear old bell,
Farewell, Farewell!

The new is here! the new is here!
Is ringing clear, is ringing clear,
To call to work or rest,
To give its labors blest,
In song,
The whole day long;

To ring to God above
Our hopes and purest love.
All hail!
New bell. In calm and gale
Cease not to tell your tale;
All hail, all hail!

A PICTURE.

THERE dwelt within my dreaming soul
A picture, holy, fair;
'Twas of the cross, the cross of life
Which all of us must bear.

Close to its base there nestled low
A symbol of God's love—
The pretty bird of innocence,
A gentle little dove.

Around it, wound in close embrace,
The roses bright and fair,
To show that man's eternal hope
Can only be found there.

And underneath in numbers great,
The thorns and rough stones lay;
For thus is Heaven's path described
"A thorny, stony way."

ST. AUGUSTINE.

AUGUSTINE, sad, and almost in despair,
One day, was seated 'neath his favorite tree.
A phantom voice, he heard,—a voice of air,—
That begged him break Sin's fetters, and be free.

He listened well, he drank in every thought.
The voice was God's, he knew it, and obeyed.
From that day forth his life with good was fraught
For truth, he lived a Champion undismayed.

SENTINEL SILENT.

Slow toll the bells; all else seems hushed;
Meek passers-by, in earnest mood,
Walk onward towards the village church,
And mingle there in brotherhood.

No words are spoken, save the few
That serve to greet and pay respect
To one whom all had known and loved;
On whom no foe could e'er reflect.

Within the church, so sombre looks
The mourning scene, that from the pews
A warning comes, to hold thy breath
Lest "Silence" its enchantment lose.

The service for departed souls
Unites the living with the dead;
And, when 'tis o'er, one more last look
Shall say in act what can't be said.

Again the bells slow toll the grief
That all have felt, and still must feel;
An open grave the only thing,
Seems eager to enjoy its peal.

The last sod laid, and "Death" resumes
His vigil o'er the lifeless clay;
Adown the village street he peers,
Where sad friends walk, and counts
their day.

"HOW CAME SO STRANGE A SPELL?"

When childhood days enwrapped me,
The fields around my home
Seemed bright Elysian pastures,
Where such as I might roam.

They were my little kingdoms
Whose buildings were the plants;
My living, toiling subjects,
The beetles and the ants.

The daisies were fair castles,
With turrets painted gay;
The bluebells and the cowslips
The home of sprite and fay.

The butterflies, great dragons,
Some speckled and some white;
And thus, my childish notions
Went on from morn till night.

Those same fields still are resting
  Where God once spread them down;
But lo! the plants and flowers
  Have grown into a town.

I've peered the broad streets over
  And marked the built-up piles
Of hotels, houses, churches,
  That stand around for miles.

I called once more in fancy,
  On thoughts that used to dwell
Within my youthful noddle,—
  How came so strange a spell?

The answer ever whispers
  In voice more fine than air;
"The God Who made the flowers
  Wished buildings to be there."

And so the daisies withered
  The bluebells too, fell ill;
While men threw up foundations
  Where ants once raised a hill.

IN MEMORIAM.

HIGH on a hillside where the granite shafts
At all times point like fingers to the sky,
There stands a stone surmounted by a cross
To mark where father and my mother lie.

In silence and in depths of earth they sleep,—
That sleep that ends where earthly rest is o'er,—
To waken and behold the face of Him
Who once for us the heavy gibbet bore.

Nor shall we living ones forget the place
Wherein they lie.—A monument doth give

A double sign: "Their place of earthly rest,"
And where, "Eternally they hope to live."

While life is sweet to us when it is ours,
Sometimes 'twould seem the better part remains
With those who've passed away, and rest beneath
The silent figures of the tomb-filled plains.

PORTRAIT OF AN INFIDEL.

'Tis but a picture of a face,
That's all, and yet in clarion tones it tells
Of hatred, pride and knowledge mixed.
Aye more,—how cursed within, a poor soul dwells.

His was a mind with talents rare,
So like a mountain, should we try to make
Comparison with other men
Their gifts, like little hills formation take.

His love of power, his pride
Made naught of all the truths that guide men's ways.
And so he lived his life and lied,—
And no one cared, when came to end his days.

TO A BISHOP-ELECT.

TO VERY REV. HENRY GABRIELS.

In childhood deep were sown the heavenly seeds,
His virgin soul so ardently admired,
In manhood still was there the soil desired,
But richer grown and ripe for saintly deeds.

With priesthood wisdom came and plucked such weeds
As might retard the perfect yield required,
And zeal, which filled his heart with love untired,
Came too—a refuge for our many deeds.

And lo! a golden harvest crowns his days,
A bishop's rank and privilege shall be

His well deserved inheritance. The rays
Of life's declining sun look on and see
A goodly life well spent in Godly ways.
O, may he garner in Eternity !—

THE ORPHANAGE.

'Tis an orphan home, but there,
By the saintly Sisters' care,
Want and hunger, sin and shame
Change thro' kindness e'en the name.

Little boys and smaller girls
Bigger boys and maids in curls,
Seek protection, seek a rest,
By affliction sorely pressed.

Come within the shelt'ring walls,
There to 'scape those woeful falls
That destroy the struggling soul
'Fore its God can have control.

There no drunken father raves
Maddened by that which he craves,
Cursing her to whom he gave
Nothing,—but an early grave.

There, no mother, wrecked in life,
Feels the steel of sorrow's knife,
Weeping, sighing all day long,
Wishing right, but doing wrong.

There, no heartless world beholds
All the faults the home unfolds,
Without pity, without care,
Leaving them the beggar's share

At the early close of day
Needles, slates and books away,
To each little snow-white bed
They retire when pray'rs are said.

Morning comes, and songs of birds
Echo but their prayerful words
Offered up, in praise of Him
Who will guard each life and limb.

Orphans, yes! but angels too,
Human clad in form and hue
With garb of earth on which we dwell
Yet, from God, no price can sell.

TO REV. W. A. O.

Some day, when the Father of mankind shall call
Away from the labor so dear to his heart,
Our friend unpretentious, so clever and good,
His worldly familiars will rouse with a start.

They will see more distinctly that his way has taught
True greatness in man must be found in the meek,
That silent deportment and manners genteel
Are the virtues that every true Christian should seek.

The deceit of the flatterer never was known
To soil the sweet unction the heart gave the mind,

'Twas rare compensation to any who claimed
To hold conversation with him or his kind.

His friendship was loyal as ever was born
From man to his fellows. To me he has shown

That we, who would walk in The Saviour's footsteps,
Should certainly make his Ideal their own.

UNHEEDED CRIES.

"Lost, lost, lost!" sigh the falling
Autumn leaves,
"Forever 'neath the Winter's snows.
No sadder death can ever come
Than that abiding next our home,
Have pity, e'er all mercy goes."

"Lost, lost, lost!" ever cry the maddened souls
Who've wandered from their Master's care.
O, who will listen and refuse?
O, who'll his very life abuse,
And change God's love for Satan's snare?

SYMBOL OF ARBOR DAY.

TAKE the fairest plant and choicest,
Fashion deep its bed of clay;
Plant it firmly, straight and graceful,
Symbol of our Arbor Day.

Round it strew the rarest flowers,
Round it twine the fillets gay;
Watch it, guard it, O! so tender,
Symbol of our Arbor Day.

'Tis the mark of coming greatness,
Like the day dawn's early ray,
Faintest gleam of midday grandeur,
Symbol of our Arbor Day.

In the small and tender limblets,
Hidden from the sight away,
Lives a giant force increscent,
Symbol of our Arbor Day.

As the tiny babe is nourished,
Care we ever, while we may,
For this sign to future peoples,
Symbol of our Arbor Day.

Thro' long years may wave its branches,
Far off be its life's decay;
Such our prayers, our earnest wishes,
Symbol of our Arbor Day.

With it, too, we'll plant a token,
Greater, nobler every way,
In our hearts to grow forever,
Symbol of our Arbor Day.

Plant the hope of always doing,
(Whether young or old or gray),
Duty's bidding—God's decretals,
Symbol of our Arbor Day.

That when comes the final summons
Truly all of us may say:
"We have made our best endeavors,"
Symbol of our Arbor Day.

So together let us plant them
  Trees of hope, 'long life's rough way.
Some on Earth and all in Heaven
  Symbol of our Arbor Day.

CONSECRATION OF MGR. F.

'Tis not within the power of men
To say sufficient nice things, when
The Hand of Him above doth guide.
But like the winds that gently blow
O'er flowers smiling, as they go,
Our praises scarcely reach thy side.

When David the anointed one
His Master's battles had begun,
A few were found to hail him King.
But not until Goliath fell
And Israel's foes were beaten well,
Did people round his standard cling.

What answer make, when by his birth
No princely court proclaimed his worth,
Yet, wondrous deeds should show his power?
His Ruler, Who doth make and guide,
Saw grace within his soul abide,
From the true flock made him the flower.

Along the paths that men have worn
As trod they on, both night and morn,
  Far, far beyond the thoughtful gaze,
That same is true. For He doth take
Of us a chosen one and make
  A prelate honored all his days.

Thou art the one, O friend so pure!
Whom God hath chosen to insure
  Him greater love from creatures all.
Thou art the David of our times,
Whom men of different creeds and
    climes
  Will truly God's anointed call.

We pray, "Thy reign be filled with
    peace,
And blessings that may never cease,
  From day to day, but greater grow.
And when night comes, in answer to
The Father's call, shall reckon you
  Among the blest, forever go!"

DIVES.

With tear in eye, and doleful voice,
The sly old rascal vainly strives
To win our love and confidence,
And in his efforts fairly thrives.
Who is he? What's his name? you ask,
I don't suppose you'll risk your lives
In guessing. So I'll tell you then;
To murder language, call him
"*Dives.*"

And should you wish to be correct,
His name is "Dives" as of old.
Beware of his alluring tricks,
He'll give you brass instead of gold.

FAREWELL!

No sadder thought was e'er expressed,
  No word more tender ever fell,
To touch the hearts of parting friends,
  Than this one thought, one word,
    "Farewell."

The sorrows of the human race,
  Our miseries in pictures dwell;
Still all our tests and sorrows deep
  Are náught, when loved ones say
    "Farewell."

Of death, of sickness, master minds
  With pathos, have and oft will tell;
Yet breaking hearts and tear-filled eyes,
  Come oftenest when we say, "Farewell."

But why such grieving when we know,
  That earthly ties can never dwell

Forever here. Is it because
All love shall cease with our "Farewell"?

One reason only may be told:—
The future, like a dungeon cell,
No light permits the parting ones
Who must forever say: "Farewell."

OUR FATHER.

LINES TO A BISHOP-ELECT.

THE walls historic, of all times are hung
With names of those who've carved themselves a place
Within the hearts of men. Whose deeds are sung
And lauded by our universal race.

Each age, with laurel wreaths, has found its own,
And o'er their brows the diadem has placed;
So, on and on the many centuries flown,
We too these walls with heroes' names have graced.

One more we add, in proof of love sincere;
Perhaps the poorest emblem we can give,—
For truest praises never seek the ear,
But heart wherein their secrets safe may live.

We call him "Father," deem it not too strange;
For such his sacerdotal life has been
That those who know him well can never change
That title,—even though a higher soon begin.

The quadrant cycle spent within God's halls
Proclaim for him a Father's love and name.
Still, though ten thousand times ten thousand walls
Divide us, he shall ever be the same!

With children filial fondness never wears
The changed aspect older eyes conceive.
To him we've been so many childish cares
And we, in him, the father's right perceive.

His will was fashioned but to please his God
His life like saintly Mary's sought alone
The one, the greater good, his Master's nod.
To worldliness a pilgrim scarcely known.

In such the purest chords of love are found,
The brightest page in mankind's life is planned;
In such is Virtue's handmaid ever crowned,
And Honor ever met with welcome hand.

In such a life no gall nor wormwood dwell,
To taint the sweetness of a Virgin soul;
To such a one the Angels always tell
The secrets of the last eternal roll.

Ah, truly if we but conform our ways
To that in which he steadfastly had trod,
There need exist no fear but that our days
Shall end lit up with sunshine sent from God.

Soon shall we part; God calls him nearer still:
'Tis his to fight a nobler, greater fight!
We cannot make resistance to that Will
Nor stay the Hand Invisible in Might.

And therefore when shall come the Holy Powers
Upon his soul, and form external make
A bishop's rank his own, let it be ours
To say "God speed" for dear religion's sake.

To say "Farewell" and "Blessings while he lives."
May dear St. Joseph ever give him aid,
And Mary intercede with him Who gives
Us life, for him her humble servant made.

O! may no sorrows come to mar his peace!
And may the guerdon of his service be
These words, thrice joyful when this life shall cease:
"Thou blessed of My Father, Come to Me."

QUEER WEATHER.

WINTER, '94.

In this the month of good St. Valentine,
Come frost and snows, and just the least sunshine.
But this year's "weather clerk" must be deranged
Because our climate seems entirely changed.

Instead of snows and cold and sleet and rain,
With frosty frescoes on the window pane,
He sends us sunny skies and zephyrs fair,
All highly flavored with the tropic's air.

MARCH.

Thou rampant, blowing, noisy fellow!
Tell us, Winter's henchman, tell, O!
Where have gone the peace and quiet
Winter's calm? Come, cease thy riot!

Soon we'll see the balmy showers,
Summer suns and lovely flowers,
Then, for shame, you must needs leave
us
Lest thy presence here may grieve us.

In vales, and on the highest places
Soon will smile the flow'ry faces;
Soon the trees, the rocks, the meadows
Will salute us 'neath the shadows.

At once, then, if it please your highness'
Go! and leave us and forever.
We are tired of windy dryness,
Go! and let our friendship sever.

A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

When Heaven, from her starry height,
  Looks smiling o'er our drowsy sphere,
When Luna, queen, transmits her beams
  Through azure fields, Olympus near,
Midst fairy lights and chirping things
  Let's linger, for the night is clear.

While slúggards lowly creep to bed,
  With lightsome hearts and free from care,
We'll greet the night, and, laughing, go
  Across the fields and streams all fair,
Thro' woodlands dark and o'er the hills
  To breathe the sweetness of the air.

We'll view with love, the wondrous
scene
That God doth give when light is
pale.
We'll let our fancies run apace
In pictures of the hill and dale.
We'll thank Him, for His life and
light,
His goodness, that can never fail.

AUTUMN.

THE quiet calm of Autumn rests
On hill, on meadow and on vale,
A kindred calm within our souls
To peaceful nature sings: "All hail!"

We talk of Spring; the Summer's bloom;
We hear of Winter's hoary frost;
Within the calm of Autumn's eve
Their beauty and their joy seem lost.

What hand can paint the mellow light,
That dances o'er the ripened grain?
What tongue can sing e'en half so sweet
As Autumn winds o'er tree and plain,

Its music comes from Nature's tongue
It paints on canvas Nature wrought;
It tells us, do we wish to know,
That God may everywhere be sought.

O! favorite time of all the year,
We love thee with undying love;
Our hearts attuned to thy sweet peace
That seems but given from above.

A SUBTLE THIEF.

A SUBTLE thief thou art, O dying year,
The boldest, and the craftiest, I vow!
And though I'm not a prophet nor a seer,
I'm sure you're dressed in rainbow colors now.

Upon thy robes,—the trees and kindred plants,—
Its yellow meets the eye; upon thy face,—
The glowing sky,—behold! how downward slants
As fair a red as could a rainbow grace.

Above the red, the purest blue is seen;
Beneath it lies a sea of richest gold;
And uppermost,—a crown fit for a queen—
Its clouds of fleece full many centuries old.

Thou art indeed a thief, O Autumn time!
Your every vestige, hidden deeds betray,
The patent proofs of thievery sublime
From rainbow precincts, follow every day.

AUTUMN IS HERE.

One glance at the heavens, tinted with blue,
One look at the foliage, russet in hue,
Will tell us that Autumn is here.

All nature is quiet, as though in repose,
And lost from our view is the bloom of the rose,
To tell us that Autumn is here.

The red-breasted robins are flitting around
The fruits of the field with maturity crowned
To tell us that Autumn is here.

These ever display to our mortal eye
Some of the charms of Our Maker on high,
And tell us that Autumn is here.

WINTER.

Locked close in cells half crystal and half earth,
No longer glistening 'neath a melting sky,—
Nor laughing, babbling, gurgling full of mirth,
The waters, sad and darksome, coldly lie.

But yesterday they rippled full of smiles,
And showed reflected Nature all her charms ;
To-day, the slaves of Boreas' force and wiles
They lie clasped closely in his frigid arms.

Perchance from out their prisons dark they see
The old and young in mazy figures glide
Above them spectre-like in forms, and flee
As birds upon their silver-crested tide.

O Winter drear, a hoary hand you've laid
Upon the mirrors of your fair abode.
Their gambols by your icy touch were stayed,
You hushed their merry songs as on they flowed.

Just so our souls, when in their Winter's grasp,
Deprived of all their beauty, love and grace,
Bereft of light, within that awful clasp
Must feel their woe, and see it face to face.

Yes, Winter of our souls,—in depths of gloom,—
Abodes of sin,—you cast their purest light.
Still there is hope to 'scape this fearful doom.
Behold: "That Heart that shines from Heaven's height."

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TO THE DEPARTED YEAR.

With varying moods of time is seared thy face,
And turnęd thy golden locks to frost,
No longer youthful strides thy movements grace,
But in thy tottering steps are lost.

To me you're numbered 'mong departed friends
None dearer—yet, are many less.
It is my wish to make you full amends,
Returning love and tenderness.

I sigh for thee! O passing, dying year!
And wish thy days would come again
That I might see the forms I love so dear,
And feel their joy, and share their pain;

That I my duty's unpaid debt might
fill,
And through my Lord erase the loss
Of precious time; that I might pray
until
I've gained the glory of His cross.

THE TRI-STATES ROCK.

From distant hills they come, and meet
Where banks on either side look down and greet
The friendly waters merged in one grand stream.
In Nature's bond their friendship tied
Two living streams forever onward glide.
Like happy lovers pictured in a dream.

Where first their kiss is reared a stone,
A pledge of union more than proudly known.
To mark the place where three states join in one.
There Death, a silent witness, peers

From many graves upon their joined careers
As though to watch until their lives are done.

Afar, where seen the height of land,
By eyes of men, in massive form and grand
The wreathing breaths of toiling, groaning fires
Betray upon the cloudless sky
A valley filled with thrifty souls, near by,
Possessed with energy that never tires.

Opposed, still statelier lands arise
And point a barren finger to the skies,
To show that men are strangers still up there,
While, far below, a peaceful vale
Its verdure lends to stamp with truth a tale
Of thriftiness and happiness that's rare.

For many happy years gone by
The red man smoked his pipe of peace, while sky
And earth combined to give him every joy.
The "Minisinks," now, are no more,
Except in name, as told in common lore;
The white men came: to live they must destroy!

With that destruction grew a race
More noble; fit e'en kingly thrones to grace!
They are the peaceful toilers in the vale,
And like the streams their friendships sealed,
A rock this pledge to mankind has revealed.
O may it never cease to tell the tale!

OUR NATION'S FLAG.

Air, "Row, Mariner, Row."

Blow, breezes, blow, breezes, blow;
Blow, breezes, blow, unfurl our country's flag.
Blow, breezes, blow, blow, breezes, blow;
Blow and greet our country's flag!
Blow, blow, blow, blow,
Salute its stripes and stars,
Caress its folds so gently waving,
Salute its crimson bars,
Control with love its pinions straining!
It is the banner of the free,
Who proudly mark its upward flight,
And watch it wave o'er land and sea,
While fill their hearts with pure delight.

CHORUS.

Hail, all hail, our beauteous flag,
All hail!
Liberty's great and noble flag,
The glorious stripes and stars.
Second Time:
Hail, hail, hail, all hail,
Greeting for our heart to give,
Honor while we ever live
Our country's flag.

Blow, breezes, blow, blow, breezes, blow;
Blow, breezes, blow, and bless our flag on high.
Blow, breezes, blow, blow, breezes, blow;
Blow and bless our flag on high!
Blow, blow, blow, blow,
We love to see it wave,
And flash in glorious noonday splendor!
No nation ever gave
More fame or could such glory render;
Around it dwells our earnest prayer,

That it may never bear a stain,
Or trail dishonored anywhere
To bring the hearts of millions pain.

CHORUS.

Hail, all hail, etc.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The bang of the cracker is racking the air,
The heart of the small boy is leaping.
A midday's sun is trying to scorch
Every vestige of nature in keeping,
Because the glorious fourth is here,
And we are beings strange to fear;
We are men who love to see
Every human being free.

The sound of the trumpet, the beat of the drum,
The cheers of our people ascending,—
As heroes and veterans are marching along
Each trained in the art of defending.
Because the glorious fourth is here,
And we are beings strange to fear;
We are men who love to see
Every human being free.

The spirit of freedom is everywhere
seen,
From God it is given most freely;
And no man is ever deprived of its
good,
If at heart he's American really.
Because the glorious fourth is here,
And we are beings strange to fear;
We are men who love to see
Every human being free.

TO THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Who says the days of chivalry are past,
The days that gild the life of man, and make
Him seem a God? Whose glorious deeds doth wake
The sluggish blood to flowing quick and fast,
Who spurns the earthly gain, the fiery blast,
To bring salvation, liberty to break
The galling chains of Ignorance at last.

Our Knights have we, illustrious in name
And deed! Columbus like, who lead the way

To realms of God, in purest charity,
As errants brave, their object and their
fame
To help the peerless spouse of God
allay
Our pain, our sorrow and our misery.

OUR DEWEY.

In the far-off lands of the Philippines
Was sounded the War's alarming blast:—
Like the folds of a loving mother's cloak,
To protect the babe and hold it fast,
The Spanish nation sent its men
And ships to guard till danger passed.

During night and day was a vigil kept,
O'er seas upon which the strangers sailed,
And their hearts were inspired with glowing hope
That their armament had never failed;
That chivalry of years and years
Could not be jeered, much less assailed.

To their great surprise and their horror too,
Their dreams and their hopes were rudely shocked,
As they gazed far across Manila's bay,
To behold *our* ships had not been blocked,
And Dewey moving calmly towards
The spot where all *their* ships were flocked.

In a moment boomed all the guns they had
On land and sea to force him out—
All in vain! for their ships were sunk like lead
And their soldiers brave were put to rout.
The sounds of battle fled away
And listened to the freeman's shout.

There awaits a people, in joy and love,
To hail the return and welcome home

Their hero new, in distant lands, whose name
They have placed in memory's greatest tome.
Where future children oft may read
That brave men o'er this world yet roam.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

BEFORE ITS ERECTION.

Ye lovers of sweet freedom turn to me
And list; for you were often told to do
A something that concerns by no means few.
Take measures now, that all the world may see
Our glorious emblem of dear liberty.
You say: "My theme gives proof of nothing new,"
'Tis well.—Come, then, Americans, help through
The work to welcome mariners from sea.
From every part, let all with heart and hand
Unite, to make their very best endeavor,

And build a statue that will never fall,
Which, standing in a free and glorious land,
Will offer mankind, for us, and forever
A home, protection, liberty to all.

AFTER ITS ERECTION.

WELL done, ye sons and daughters of the free,
Behold the new light in the firmament!
To sailors gazing landward you have sent
God's rays to welcome home the ships at sea,
And guide them safe, as strain the eye to see
The way.—The wand'rer from his native tent
Is greeted with a sign of welcome blent
With safety. O, may its good forever be!

And from her heights our giant God-
dess, fair,
Looks out with kindly eyes across the
deep.
By night her torch, by day her arm
outstretched,
Shall warning and a welcome give.
Her care
And love shall grow none less. Nor
rest, nor sleep
Shall ever cloud the halo round her
head.

ANARCHY.

A STRANGER, passing through the gates
That closed a town from all the world,
Beheld, upon the rampart walls,
A banner to the wind unfurled.

No wrought device upon it gave
A sign to all who might behold,
But color red more loudly cried
That Anarchy had found a fold.

Within, where desolation heaped
Her ruins high in cumbrous piles,
Deserted homes, and ravaged lands
Proclaimed the curse for many miles.

There was a time, not long before,
When Plenty, Thrift and Love prevailed;
Then men grew jealous of the good,
And demon-like this peace assailed.

At first, false doctrines, slyly spread,
Became foundations for the crimes
That later on, in boldness grown,
Would wreck the spirit of the times.

Alas! too late the citizens
Awoke to see a serpent's head
Raised in their midst, and glaring round
On victims soon to join the dead.

A vain attempt to crush the ill
Removed all barriers from the way,
And now the traitors' flag salutes
With stains of blood, the light of day.

AT THE FAIR.

ADAPTED TO MOORE.

Oh, joyous the hour when to this charming bower
Of "sweet little fairies" with stout hearts men came,
There, Beauty held sway
O'er the youths, rich and gay—
Who soon fell 'neath her charms, lit by love's subtle flame.

O, sad was the hour, when, to this lovely bower,
All unmindful of fate and their pockets they went.
Midst a hundred bright eyes,
Midst a thousand soft sighs,
Every cent that they had at their sweet wills, was spent.

O! late was the hour when they left
this dear bower,
To seek consolation and quiet at home:
To think of bright eyes,
Of the soft, fatal sighs,
And how simple they were midst such
fairies to roam.

But O, for the hour, when to this
pretty bower,
With lots of good cash and gaieté
they'll return.
They'll fear not their smiles,
Nor their thousand cute wiles,
And once they depart, the dear maids
will mourn.

INGERSOLLIAN.

Say, Bob, the Church would have a queer
old time if you were made its Vicar.
You'd tell your jokes and wink your eye
to make the good folk snicker.
Dear brother R—— would blossom forth
a brand new coadjutor,
The mob of course not far behind as
"Sacerdotal hooter."
We folk outside no longer then could
cast our "vile reproaches,"
For you would send us off as nice as
"paris green" the roaches.
To fellow men you'd stretch the hand
that bears the wand of blessing,
And those who wouldn't meet its clasp
you'd keep forever guessing.
The good old times would come again,
The pigs would live in clover,
And men would know e'en twice as
much as if they lived life over.

Admission price an absurd dream, "The
ten cents at the doorways,"
"A bit of memory of the past" would
be a sign on poor days.
Nor would they hear the "Star priced"
choir sing all alone on Sundays
All gone, Sopranos, Altos, Tenors, and
the B. "profundis."
And not a soul to say a prayer or praise
the King of Nations,
For you alone their God would be on all
the state occasions.

TRANSLATION.

ODE FROM HORACE.

No ivory within my house,
Nor marble columns grand,
Cut in the wilds of Africa
And polished by its sand.
I'm not an heir of Attalus
Who left his great estate;
Nor do Laconic slaves weave wool
For me beside my grate.
But good faith is within my soul,
Genius and honesty;
So having practised these good traits
The Poor and Rich seek me.
What more should I ask of the gods
Or of my kindest friend?
I'll be content with my small farm
While each day seeks its end.
The new moon comes, the old moon wanes,
Why are ye stealing land?

Do you not know that soon you'll go
To join Death's silent band?
Forsooth! you, careless of the tomb,
Extend your land the more,
Nor satisfied with what you have
You move beyond the shore.
And why do you encroach upon
The landmarks of the poor?
Their wives and their dear little babes
Must slowly starve, 'tis sure;
But why do you continue so?
To Hell you'll surely go,
And there you'll find the dungeon deep
That waits for you below.
The earth shuts in the rich and poor,
Both equalled in the shroud,
It lowered old Prometheus
And Tantalus the proud.
No gold can bribe the ferryman
Of Orcus's domains,
E'en kings' sons will have to stay
When once within its chains.
Death levels all; but as a rest
Comes to release the one

Being poor, brings him his reward,
His labors being done.
It matters not who wishes it
Throughout the breadth of land,
No matter who refuses it,
It's always near at hand.

A BETROTHAL.

TO A FRIEND.

In distant lands, where life most sweet doth lend
Abundant charms to all who chance to dwell,
You came to pass the hours away and tell
Your secrets, when returned, to some dear friend.
'Tis right, but let me whisper while you bend
The ear responsive, while you listen well:—
"Recall the morn that church bells rang the knell
Of sinners, as you went to see a friend.
Shall I betray the charming little scene?
When, nestled close, you looked into his eyes

And let him sip the nectar from between
Your ruby hidden pearls—those deep
drawn sighs,
That told in loudest words how strong
had been
Bold Cupid, yet he caused you no
surprise."

OTHERS.

Like mighty winds, all master minds
Can sway the thoughts of others,
In some is found the breath that saves,
In some the fume that smothers.

We lowly ones, who, wondering gaze,
Transfixed, amazed, astounded,
Can choose the true things by them taught.
When by Christ's Church expounded.

ENGLISH VERSION.

HORACE, LIB. IV.

THE Spring returns, Winter has gone,
Favonius comes, so good;
The sailors drag their ships to sea
On rollers made of wood,
The flocks, by no means satisfied,
Must still in stalls abide,
The farmer, too, cares not to stay
And sit by his fireside.
No more are fields covered with frost,
And 'neath the silvery moon,
The Graces, and the lovely Nymphs,
Dance to a lively tune.
Old Vulcan, glowing at his trade
Regards not when he stops,
But blows his fires, and hammers hard
In the shop of the Cyclops.
And now we bind our shining heads
With myrtle green, and flowers

That grew from earth just loosened
fresh
And flourished with its showers.
Let us sacrifice to "Favonius,"
A lamb if he may wish;
Should he prefer a gentle kid
Why, let him have the dish!
For pale old Death will come to all,
He may come soon or late;
He'll call both at the lowly hut
And at the palace gate.
O, Dear Sestus, why should we hope
To stay so long down here?

You know life's span is very short,
And death is always near.
And now night and the fabulous ghosts
Afar you do not see;
Besides, there is old Pluto's den
That calmly waits for thee.
Nor can you at the dainty feast
Secure that place so fine
In throwing dice, to make yourself
The ruler of the wine.

ARBOR DAY.

Along the steep hillside, down in the dell,
Looking for ivy and the bluebell.
Laughing and chatting, eyes shining clear,
Youths and sweet maidens, to mama's so dear,
Seek the new flowers hiding to stay,
Safe from young headsmen, on Arbor Day.

The poor little blossoms, timid and shy,
Soon are discovered by a quick eye;
Fainting and shrinking each dying plant
Borne from its kindred, while little ones chant;
Far from its loved home stolen away,
Borne by the children on Arbor Day.

Beneath the tall shade trees in school-
yard
Strewn are their garlands; waiting to
guard
One little symbol telling of youth,
Telling of greatness and power for-
sooth,
Coming upon them when hairs turn to
gray,
Yet shall remind them of Arbor Day.

And though small and tender, this gen-
tle tree
Teaches a lesson to you and to me.
Pliant and yielding to God's command.
Strongly majestic in future shall stand;
Strong from its training, grand from
the way
It had been planted on Arbor Day.

Together, dear children, let us all learn
From this occasion, that which should
burn
Deep in our hearts and ever remain,

Thought of and practised in joy and in pain;
"Gentle and docile" let each child say,
"Such shall I be" from this Arbor Day.

FRIENDSHIP'S PLEDGE.

Can you not stay, sweet friends?
Is there no way to 'void the fatal hand
That seeks to chill thy living form, and brand
With cravings grim and 'ghast of Death?
And must our Friendships end?

Thy memory brighter grows,
Becomes again a living, vivid thing,
That thrills and moves the faithful heart to cling
Unshaken to an only hope,
A hope that ever glows.

One word, one look, a sigh,
O give! to bring surcease to my sad soul;
Then, should the bells for thee in sadness toll,
You'll be enshrined within my heart,
And never, never die.

THE SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR.

To Rev. M. J. C.

When home and comforts all were left,
And strangers took their place,
We boys met one in whom we found
The parents' love and grace.

We learned to prize him more and more,
Because his ways were kind,
And saintliness his manner gave
A sweetness undefined.

No matter what he said or did,
We saw when time had gone,
'Twould mark our future usefulness
With light as fair as dawn.

In him we found the human heart
Unselfish, pure and true,
The friend of God, the friend of men,
The friend of all who knew.

No fear had he in doing right,
  Nor feared he they who wrong,
His character might be the scroll
  The saints would bear along.

To priesthood's sacred precincts he
  Our falt'ring footsteps cheered:
God bless our dear director, who
  Will ever be revered.

THE NURSE GIRL.

ALONG the village street she wheels
The baby in its carriage,
Her thoughts perchance concerning meals,
Or politics, or marriage.

Or else she ponders o'er the means
Of curing baby's teething,
For baby has a trying time,
So labored is his breathing.

She may be thinking of the days
When she was wrapped in swaddling,
When others bore her in their arms,
Because too small for toddling.

But no, 'tis otherwise: it seems
That on the near street corner
A winsome bluecoat smiles at her,
And feels she is no "scorner."

She is simply thinking how to charm
The guardian of the city,
She wonders if the roundsman's near,—
He is, and that's a pity.

Oh, pshaw! such little things as that
Cannot love's true course alter,
She wheels directly towards his post
Without a halt or falter.

And then behold her female tact
(Although her heart did flutter),
By some mischance, the babe upset
And both fell in the gutter.

Right gallantly the bluecoat came,
At once, to their assistance,
Within his arms she feels secure
And babe makes no resistance.

The roundsman saw the whole mishap,
The maid and child protected;
And, that it was by "*mal-intent*,"
He never once suspected.

WHO IS HE?

Some folks call him "Statesman" because his great wealth
From the citizens' pockets hath come,
While to others he's known as the real good friend
Who remember, *he* promised them some.

"The honorable sir," is a title he loves
To behold when in print is his name,
Yet his henchman bend low as they murmur
"The Boss," so enchanted are they by his fame.

You cannot mistake him in thousands of men,
From the style and cut of his clothes,
From the language he speaks, from his jargon of words
And his euphonic (?) "dis" "dems" and "doze."

He's statesman 'tis true, for he's always
in state
Just as long as the people are tools;
He's their friend just so long as they
wish to
Believe all his promises given to
fools.

His honor can only be found in his
name,
Which a people misuse to apply;
But he's boss, for he rules us with ada-
mant hand,
And will rule us, and rob till we die.

THE CLASS OF '98.

(AT P. J.) FOR A FRIEND.

OUR school day work is o'er,
Our part in life begun,
The class room we shall leave
To greet Life's midday sun.
Yet the many happy hours
As we followed Learning's call
We shall always fondly look upon
As happiest times of all.
Our teachers, tried and true,
Have helped us all attain
The end that seemed so far,
So filled with work and pain.
They shall never be forgot
In the future's speeding years;
For they have wholly won our hearts
And banished all our fears.
To please our friends we've tried
With efforts most sincere

Now, the future shall disclose
  Unto each his own career.
To our school friends, all, "good-bye,"
  And, "good-bye" to each classmate,
May Our Lord look on and bless us,
  The class of "Ninety-eight."

THE OFFICIOUS MAN.

If ever a man is despised in this world,
And likened to him who from Heaven was hurled,
'Tis the man who is busy with others' affairs,
Though unasked by these people or even their heirs.

He meets your friends boldly and makes them his own,
And speaks, in your absence, as though he had known
Them for years, and with flattery seeks to destroy
The old friendships that started when you were a boy.

His own work he'll drop to apppear in your way,

Then tell you he's tired at the end of
the day ;
With mind always planning, though
shallow and sham,
In this trait it has grown like the point
of a ram.

His hand is outstretched in false friend-
ship, and though
From his lips the most flattering,
honeyed words flow,
He's a genuine hypocrite, making be-
lieve
He's in earnest, when really his heart's
on his sleeve.

To a stranger, I'm certain, unless he
was told,
Your labors, acquaintances, all that you
hold,
Would appear not your own ; but
thank God comes the time,
When this fribbler will sing to a far
different rhyme.

His conceit will yet lead him, to put on
the skin
Of the honest and upright, (although it
is thin)
Like the ass in the story, who, a lion
would play,
He'll spoil his own game with his asin-
ine bray.

SUNDAY FUNERALS.

Some clergymen once at Old Pluto's request,
At one who was nearly as bad,
Drew up resolutions to this, in effect,
"That no Sunday funerals be had."

"A dogma like that," the dear people declared,
"They never had previously heard
About which, in Scriptures divinely inspired
Was not even written a word."

But surely 'twas clear that their much loved divines
Knew all that related to God,
And would, without doubt, provide them a time
For burial 'neath the green sod.

Still, lest disappointment, their hopes might upset
They too formulated a plan—
To bounce each tired cleric as soon as they could
And call on a more willing man.

(These lines written to recall to mind a certain set of resolutions, drawn up by several clergymen at Port Jervis, Oct., '93.)

A TRAMP'S SONG.

Not one hundred years ago
I was born, as you may know,
  In a land where freemen only, lived
    and died.
To the village school I went,
There my childhood ways were spent
  Till the thought of winning glory
    touched my pride.

I succeeded all too well;
And, ere long, like Satan fell,
  Never more to clasp the phantom of
    my life.
My success, sound reason racked,—
Friends and wine my household
    sacked,—
  Leaving nothing to my children and
    my wife.

Often on the tiresome road,
I am passed by men who've owed

All they ever had, long years ago,
to me.
They have coolly passed me by,
Yes, have laughed to see me cry ;
Never dreaming who this sad-eyed
tramp might be.

There lives yet within my breast
One fond hope to be at rest,
Where poor tramps and their mis-
fortunes cease to be ;
To be laid beside my own
Wife and children, all alone,
In a little graveyard, nestled by the
sea.

Until then I'll plod along,
Teaching men my heart's sad song,
And remind them of the danger
that's ahead ;
They shall not forget the one
Who forever has passed on,
For their mem'ries will recall the
tramp that's dead.

BABY'S GRIEF.

Ah, little one, sweet little one,
Come here, and tell me why
Such signs of grief have stained thy cheeks?
Come! let those bad tears dry.

Two jeweled eyes on me are bent,
Two little arms are spread;
Then fondly clasped upon my breast
She rests her curly head.

"Me mad! cause dolly's gone a lost,
I don't know way to fine,
And Daud won't tell me when I pway,
He's jes, He's jes unkine."

Her sorrow soon gave way to joy,
And God once more seemed fair;
For though old dolly ne'er came back,
A new one claims her care.

TO ADDIE.

She's mamma's little Addie,
Her eyes are black as night;
The baby of the household
And everyone's delight.

Her smiles are like the morning,
So bright and clear are they;
An angel sent amongst us
To drive all cares away.

To me there's no one dearer,
For her my life I'd give;
And if the Lord permitted,
For her I'd always live.

Her voice seems filled with music,
Angelical in tone;
Her mind as pure as crystal,
Her soul a precious stone.

Her sweet face often haunts me,
While far away am I,
And quick dispels the storm-clouds
That dim my mental sky.

My prayers have e'er been offered,
These many, many years,—
That her fair life may never
Be stained by sorrow's tears.

HIS LAST LETTER.

THE morning light peeped thro' the panes
And saw a mother, babe in arm,
Reclining on the snowy bed ;
As though to hide from wild alarm,
As though communing with the dead.

Beside them, stained with many tears,
Was placed a letter, open wide ;
Which told of Death and blighted life,
A husband's last and fatal ride,
An orphan child and widowed wife.

The bright sun of the previous day
Revealed, within that very room,
A glimpse of life far different than
The present sadness, grief, and gloom,—
A happy wife, her child and man.

They parted, after both their lips
Had unto each conveyed the joy
And love that daily grew between
Their trusting hearts. Their little boy
Tucked in his bed, slept on serene.

He to his engine wends his way,
To household duties she attends,
Their fondest hearts together rest;
A happy home this union blends,
And makes their lives seem more than
blest.

The letter came by special mail,
The last words of a dying man,
To tell her keep their baby "Jim,"
Fulfil their education plan,
And mercy ask from God, for him.

A piercing cry awoke the babe,
Who saw his mother, fainting fall,
The neighbors came to help her bear
The load of sorrow; and recall
How God, in trouble, takes our care.

As daylight waned, the people talked
About "A frightful railroad crash,"
A hero new, the wreck had made,
Whose life, as sudden as a flash,
On Duty's altar lone was laid.

When chance was given to escape
The awful doom, and leap in time,
But, no! too many souls placed trust
In him. "To save myself a crime,"
He thought. "So let it come what must!"

Fearless! as onward slid his train,
O'er slipp'ry rails, with brakes set tight,
Into the fallen mass of rock,
He never left his post; 'till right
Beneath his engine thrown, from shock.

A hundred grateful arms were held
To bear his mangled form away,
A hundred ears were turned to him
To list and hear what he might say,
As spoke he soft of "wife" and "Jim,"

Before he died they helped him write
One last, fond note to home, sweet, home;
And then they closed their hero's eyes,
And thanks gave God, to safely roam
While soared his brave soul to the skies.

EUGENE FIELD.

IN MEMORIAM.

From the mouths of babes and sucklings
No end of praises flow,
Singing rest to their loving poet.
Who ever from them must go.

For he was their great, great champion,
Who told in tales of rhyme
All the wonderful things of childhood,
That happened from time to time.

Who made known all their joys and sorrows,
And filled their lives with glee;
Making each one the happy guesser
Of what he would like to be.

Till his name, to households dearer
Than Santa's has become,

Till their dear little hearts loved warmer
Than rays of the midday sun.

Now it seems the sprites and angels
Have learned to like him too,
And have suddenly swept him from us,
To sing them his songs anew.

Sweetest peace be thine, dear singer,
Where'er thou chance to be!
May the joys of thy friendly innocents
Be your own eternally!

CLASS SONG.

KIND friends, the hour has come for us
To bid you all "Farewell,"
To leave our books, our teachers dear,
'Mid other scenes to dwell.

CHORUS.

"Good-bye," and may the loving Lord
Direct and guide our way,
Reminds us daily that:—"Palma
Non sine pulvere."

For years we've studied day and night,
To gain the laurels won;
Yet, school work merely points the fact,
"Life's journey's just begun."

Once more we turn to say "Good-bye,"
And hope the coming years
Will find each one steadfast to truth,
Unchanged by joys or fears.

OLD WILLIAMSBRIDGE.

A QUAINT little town in a queer little dell,
The funniest old place for mortals to dwell;
On one side a river, on the other a ridge,
The name of the place was Williamsbridge.

No palaces lorded its humble abodes,
Nor pavements, nor asphalt adorned its mud roads.
With a battered old station and one country store
Its people all prospered and never wished more.

Just when the place started nobody can say,
It may have grown suddenly—all in a day.

Its manners and customs were strictly its own
While its people remained. But alas! they have flown.

Now, a new generation is filling its lands
Like the changeable hour-glass, when shifting its sands.
The funny old landmarks are ripe in decay,
And the dear folk that built them have long passed away.

OUR BOOKS.

Like mankind's life, our books and notes
Their part have played, their time have filled.
On mem'ry's tide their history floats,
And with the past their voice is stilled.

But though no more they move among
The active beings of our age,
Their truths and teachings, ever young,
Live on, to grace some other page.

We say "adieu" but not "farewell,"
For we shall oft in future meet;
And then, dear books, we'll truly tell
Our mind and heart in accents sweet.

"HOMEWARD."

Oh, who has felt the wanderer's joy,
  Returning from some foreign place?
Who can describe the loving look
  He gives to every well-known face?
Who would disdain the tender kiss
  He gives his own, with gentle grace,
Who feel the pulse his manly heart
  Gives forth, with every new embrace?

Yes! I would roam the world around,
  Replacing all I hold most dear,
To feel just once the love I bear,
  To shed just once the joyful tear;
To bask amid the loving smiles,
  To clasp again those ever near,
For moments such are worth far more
  Than all the triumphs of a year.

WOODLAWN.

WITHIN the bounds of our city grand,
On its northern border, quite alone,
There's another city silent, sad,
Yet most beautiful, and built of stone.

Its streets have never echoed the songs
Of the little folk who shout at play,
Only moaning winds breathe fitful sighs,
Or a whispered "hush" at close of day.

In truth it has the little ones there,
With the older folk in numbers great,
They are all asleep in the sleep of Death
Far beneath the stones, with names and date.

The loving souls that have felt their loss
No expense have spared in keeping neat,

Those most sacred precincts of their dead,
With grand tombs, headstones and flowers sweet.

The passer-by will be moved to feel
The Eternal truth God would instill,
"That thou are but dust," and our life compares
To the simple croon of the whippoorwill.

A MEMORY.

'Twas years ago, and I remember well,
How charmed I felt within your witching spell
Of beauty, innocence and goodness rare,
That seemed to waft an incense through the air.

The childish prattle, and the silly things
You uttered have not taken on the wings
With time and flown; they've all remained with me
To be as sunlight flashing o'er the sea,
Or chanted music stealing from the past
To lull my restless soul asleep at last.

But you have changed and show the mark of years,
The snows of time, the stains of many tears,

The strain of labors and the lines of care;
Oh! can it be that death is near? Beware!

Let me recall those grandest days of life,
To cheer your spirit to redoubled strife;
To cast aside the mantle stained and worn,
To reach again, and grasp youth's filled up horn.

SCHOOL DAYS.

AT MOSHOLN SCHOOL.

SWEET recollections, mem'ries rare
Of olden times, have oft returned
To greet the mind, and lighten care
With thoughts of those for whom we mourned.

There may at times, perhaps there may
Be other thoughts as cheering too,—
But even though as bright as day,
They fail to leave such feelings true.

That little school beneath the hill
Where weeping willows bending low
Caress the elves, who swing at will
And rock the branches to and fro.

That noisy bell,—that scared away
The sombre crows trying to spy,—

A spirit woke which seemed to say,
"You have no time to idle by."

Within that school were faces bright
And beaming, with the smiles of love;
No place for Care, no place for Night,
There lambkin dwelt with gentle dove.

Presiding o'er the general clan
Of boys and girls, in different shades,
A chieftain teacher—goodly man—
With gentler help—a dozen maids.

No purer hearts, no nobler souls,
Have e'er directed human minds,
Each year succeeding, onward rolls
And dearer, nearer each one finds.

Much would I give to see, as yore,
That dear old spot, and teachers all;
But all are vanished, are no more,
The mind alone, must now recall.

Sweet peace be to you, gentle guides!
Eternal joys bless each loved soul;
In life you walked where Hope abides,
In death, you found your love's true goal.

TWO TRAVELLERS.

WAY down where the street and the broad river met,
Where the soil was damp and the rocks were wet,
Two little urchins went out to play.
Their clothes were tattered, and so were their hats,
From tumbling in games on the rough door-mats,
All the scorching summer's day.

'Twas evening; just as fast ebbing tide
Ev'ry sign of danger endeavored to hide,
Smiling and flashing in moonlight gray,
Nor feared the boys as they gazed long upon
The treacherous waters as seaward they run,
All the scorching summer's day.

Now two city homes in deep mourning
are cast,
And the two sweet urchins fore'er have
passed
Silently from us, far, far away.
And no one thinks of the mothers for-
lorn,
Or sorrows with which their sad hearts
are torn,
All the scorching summer's day.

Still smiling, and rippling the river
flows on,
Nor seeming to care for the many lives
gone,
Watching for others, tempting its
way,
Whisp'ring "adieu," to the two little
graves
That silently point at the glittering
waves,
All the scorching summer's day.

ERIN.

ENCIRCLED by the wave-ploughed deep,
Where ancient abbeys vigil keep,
Where relics of far better years,
Point out the graves sunk low with tears,
Where sings the lark its morning trill,
And leaps the hare on fen and hill;
Where—fairest plant to Nature wed,
The "Shamrock," rears its triune head,
Behold! poor Erin, bending low
In sorrow, while the hot tears flow,
Behold! her wretched, woeful state,
Her loss of power; the Briton's hate.
Look at her sons, worn out with care
And famine, stalking everywhere,
Her daughters begging daily bread;
Herself and fierce *starvation* wed,
Her fields present the freshest green,
Her skies, no brighter can be seen,

Her lakes, her shores, her hills and vales,
Can rival any told in tales.
All useless, though kind Nature strives
To cheer her; still her woe survives.
And why? Because oppressor, man,
Subverts his very Maker's plan.
Philanthropists! Ye men of deeds,
Look round you, see this Nation's needs!
The monster sphinx has come again,
With greater puzzle for man's brain.
In truth, look where you will, or go,
You see the same unbounded woe.
And then you doubt, or mayhap fear
To reck, or think, how doubly dear
Must life be to her struggling sons,
Their wives and starving little ones,
How in their hearts must burn the hate
Of rule, the kind that fools would prate.
Shall they be blamed for feeling so?
Justice and pity cry out "No!"
Does peace exist where war is rife,

Are faces calm in angry strife,
Does love beat warm within the breast
That never knew a kind behest?
Perhaps, if they were made of steel,
Oppression's hand they would not feel.
When workmen give their lives away
To win the substance of a day,
When merchants sell their vital spark
To purchase passage in Life's bark,
Life surely then must have its worth,
And earth appears no more than earth.
Why should they toil and spin their lives,
Like bees in building useless hives?
Their all is lost when gain should show,
When strength is sapped and spirits low;
At last, beneath the seeming curse
They die; while fills the plunderer's purse.
Ah, Erin dear! you truly know
What is affliction, what is woe,
Still, struggle on! There comes the day,

When trials, sufferings, fade away;
And then dear Isle of heroes bold,
Of heroes in the Christian fold,
May God in justice touch your night
And change it into brighter light.

LINES TO A—— H——.

IN ALBUM.

May your years reach golden numbers,
  May no sadness ever give
Deep regrets, to steal the sweetness
  You should feel, while thus you live.
Hope on always in God's mercy,
  And your life with good sustain;
Safe from sin, your soul protected,
  Never shall reflect a stain.
When at last your life is ended,
  "Rest Eternal" be your gain.

THE VIGILANT.*

VICTOR.

FAR from the realms of Æolus, haste
The winds that blow our sailors' fame,
A triple test, to truly show,
The other side—how fast we go.

Filled are thy pinions, with the winds
That came, propitious, to thy aid,
By Triton favored, thee alone
Shall win the honor, rightly paid.

Our Vigilant! how like a dove
She skims the waves with wings outspread;
And darts and poises on the swells
Regardless of the fear or dread.

* Recalling the International boat race between our American yacht the Vigilant, and the English yacht, the Valkyrie.

The winds may howl and surges grow,
  Still onward ever in her flight
She seems a living, haunted thing
  That revels in her own delight.

Loud boom the guns, the whistles shriek,
  An ocean chorus swells on high,
As homeward flies our swift-winged boat,
  A Victor, lauded to the sky.

GOOD NIGHT.

THE falling shades from out the west
Now slowly steal away the light;
A silence new
Comes with the dew,
To bid the dying sun "Good night."

The fading years of human life
Like end of day must come to all;
The silv'ry hair
And lines of care,
Are presages of Death's sure call.

THE OCEAN.

Beside the mighty ocean, on its sands I stood
Contemplative, and longing for my brotherhood.
I watched the restless billows tumbling, tossing in
Like massive mounds of seething wickedness and sin;
They seemed to envy everything upon the shore,
Their maddened fury ending in a prolonged roar.

As if in greed, they rushed toward me, who stood in awe
Then broke—I looked again and only bubbles saw.
My loneliness had made a fear steal o'er my soul
When first I viewed the Ocean's majesty and roll,

And heard the thunderous crash of tons of whitened spray
That never seemed to cease or rest by night or day.
So insignificant seemed all my vaunted race
In presence of such power, massiveness and space,
I dared not move; in truth, I would not if I could,
For well I knew the quiet sands a barrier would
Oppose, that waves, nor winds combined could ever break,
And, holding fast, the beaten seas retreat would make.
'Tis thus with life; at times we see the dangers come
Like surging billows, sent to tear us far, far from
Our brightest hopes. Then Faith opposes God's strong beach,
And, ere we know it, they have fled beyond our reach.

AN OLD STORY.

I.

THE ATTACK.

Amidst the shades of forests standing long
Before the earth gave life to humankind,
A solitary being moved and grieved—
Within himself, because of loss of power.
His saddened thoughts went back to that time when,
In splendor and in majesty, he held
Control o'er powers angelic; none save he
Responsible. Throughout the Heavenly Court,
From all, the gladdest greetings ever given
Became to him a daily homage; whilst

The elements bowed low when passing
he
Amidst their ærial palaces, as was
His wont. Nor could his will withstand
the strain
To curse the Maker of this teeming
sphere
Because he saw what loss was his. As
each
Was passed in turn, and now would
give no sign
Of former friendship. Spirits he had
charmed
Refused to sing their songs,—all mute
as death.
The winds, that formerly did kiss his
cheek
And close around him cling, in moan-
ings sad,
Gave vent to sorrow and to fear, to see
Their former king so laden down with
shame.
The skies that loved to light his path
are filled

With tears, and let the Darkness take
their light;
Till he in blinding madness seized upon
The swelling mounds of land and hurled
them out
Across the barren lea. Then upward
strode
Upon the storm-puffed clouds to seek
the way
Forever lost,—his fury gaining pace
With ev'ry step, until the lightning bolts
Forth from his burning eyes the dark-
ness pierced.
Loud groans, and cries of desperation
came
With each emotion of his soul, as
though
The thunders of Olympus broke their
chains
To scatter desolation everywhere.
In bold defiance called he on the hosts
Of God, to charge with him and seize
the place.
No answer came to bring relief to him

In anxious mood. And then he knew
full well
The friends, who once essayed to give
him help—
In horrible distress—were useless now,
And rather looked to him to bring then
aid
From tortures he had, through deception, brought
To them. Revenge, the only faculty
That guided him, suggested that he
seek
A garden spot whereon the King had
placed
New friends to live, and learn and
serve and love.
And there he might regain the pow'r
he lost.
If not it all, at least the greater part,
Which done, he could once more defy
the chief
So *puissant*,—tell him that: "As
Michael, he
Might fear the tempter as a foe unbent.

Who would not rest until the firmament
Was torn, that shut him from his former home."
Thus thinking, towards a far-off shaded spot
He sped his maddened soul in greatest haste.

II.

HAPPINESS.

Amidst the pomegranate trees, amidst
The choicest fruits, and herbs, and plants, and flowers,
Surrounded by the noblest mounds of land
And gladdened more by waters sweet to drink,
The new friends lived in innocence and peace.
Each day beside the Euphrates, they spent
The happiest portion listening to Him
They called their "Rabba," filling up their minds

With choicest morsels of the law divine.
And not as other mortals ever feel
The dragging wheels of time in spending out
Their lives. Each year served as a unit made
To hold their crowded joys, present and past.
Communion made them masters of the laws
And secrets hidden deep, in Nature's girth.
So that the others beings linked to them
In Nature's bondage sought them out as kings;
Besides, as part of their inheritance.
It was their right to know whatever might
Concern the human welfare and to seek
The fulness of such equity. Nowhere
In all the broad domains of fertile lands
Could fairer spot be found than that in which

They lived,—and nowhere in the world created
Seemed beauty centred with so much richness
As was made manifest in their persons.
The day enraptured,—lingered long to light
Their happy footsteps as they moved from place
To place, and let no spot nor speck escape
That might be lustred by its cheerfulness.
And when the night came stealing o'er the land,
The philomel was lulling by its song,—
The golden floods of farewell sunshine burst
Their bonds ethereal in fretful strain
To stay the gloomy mantel of the night.
And when the day was gone, its rival came

To fascinate and charm as best it could;
With gentle sleep their eyelids touched, and winds
From far off fragrant lands to captivate
Their senses, while creation sang its songs
Of love—the music of the heavenly spheres.
Indeed! the labors of the night were not
In vain.

III.

THE TEMPTATION.

But greatest joy of earthly bliss
That came anon, was list'ning to the voice
Of Him, they named their "Rabba" when he called
To offer them new gifts of happiness.
Like children seeking names of things,—who run

In breathless haste, and petulance, who grasp
The parent knee until their minds are filled,
So they, with thoughts perplexed sought interview
Whenever, to them need of knowledge came.
Their soul's metabasis as, oft complete
As they, could in His Kingly presence stand.
Protected, as they were, from all deceit,
Their minds grew more responsive to His Will,
And hence their home became their paradise.
One limit only were they bound to keep;
So small injunction, they in happiness
Rejoiced to full observe. A far off tree
Remained to bear its fruit unnoticed. In

Obedience they would never dare to tempt
The luscious yield it constantly displayed.
Afar beyond the massive peaks that pierced
The firmament, the tempter posed to scan
The cloistered home wherein the two friends lived.
Though great the distance, saw he well, because
No law of vision ever tied his will,
Except the law that placed foundation in
Eternity. When all was clear to him
He sped, as swoops the eagle to devour
Its prey,—in spiral course of headlong rush,
But checked his eagerness when close to earth,
Lest hastiness and judgment rash might spoil

The moment good to be revenged.—
Close by
The spot whereon "the tree of fate"
had grown,
He took his rest, but not until his
form
Assumed the reptile's skin. Then
waited he
Until the two friends came to interview
Their many subjects, who with joyous-
ness
Each day flocked round, and called the
stronger friend
Their Adam, and his mate was their
Lilith.
And she as true to daily custom spoke
In language full of unction, as she
moved
And nearer came to that place where
her pets
Flocked round;—nor did she in her
faith suspect
The deep plot formed to catch her
trusting heart:

So slyly did the tempter's words pervade
Her mind; a spell that might be called, in name
"Oblivion," made it appear no crime
To taste the fruit forbidden; then to seek
Her love and proffer him a share. Forsooth,
So lasting strong and trusting had his faith
Become, she needed no great argument
To gain the acquiescence of his mind.

IV.

THE FALL AND PUNISHMENT.

At once his eager hand reached forth and took
The gracious off'ring. When to his dismay
And horror, scarcely had he full enjoyed
The humble pleasure, all his nature changed.

A new condition of the Soul his form
Enwrapped, and did his being so oppress,
That streams of perspiration trickled down
His limbs, all trembling, while his breath in gasps
Betrayed an anguish never felt before.
So powerful was fear within his soul
He dared not speak. Then looked he towards Lilith
And saw a shamefaced wretch alike to him.
Above, below, around, strange voices hissed
And spoke in tones that startled them until
They hide, lest to their friends the birds, the beasts,
The reptiles, all the moving, sentient things,
Their shame be known. And yet the deepest gloom
No solace gives to drive away the light

Of conscience burning both with fiercest
flame.
Their fleeing forms are soon within the
maze
Of deepest foliage and brush, which
lash
And tear their skins until, from burn-
ing wounds
And bleeding limbs they halt.—Again,
they fear
Still greater woe, as list they both to
sounds
Of voices moaning dirges in such strains
Of sadness that they fall upon the
earth,
And weep from desolation of the soul.
Repentance too, doth fill their anguished
hearts,
So much so, that they beg "The Mas-
ter" come,
And take revenge.—They scarce had
made the wish
When ev'ry fibre in them seemed to
strain

To listen to the voice they knew so
well.
It was their King, Who, in majestic
tones
Gave warning. He was come to them,
And now,
Would take away the happiness, the
love,
And innocence of former times, to leave
Them only labors, trials, sorrows, till
He called them finally. They hear in
shame
Their loss through act of perfidy, of
life
So sweet, and leave the place with hope
alone
To cheer them on; for He had promised
them
To take revenge upon the serpent vile,
And at some future day to give them
back
The joy of seeing Him again,—but not
Until His words prophetic came to pass.
So as they fled into the barren lands,

They call to memory all the words they heard.
Once more the tempter takes his place beside
The burdened pair:—who look upon his form
To hate him in their inmost hearts; they call
To him, "Begone! and never seek us more,
For such deception cannot be condoned,"
Aud lo, an angel stood with flaming sword
When backward glanced their eyes to where they last
Beheld the tempter.—They would fain return
But something in his awful majesty
Seemed to forbid, so on and on they fled,
His words portentous ringing in their ears.—
"From north to south, shall shift your tents, from east.

To west, obedient to the winds and waves;
In flocks, and groups, in tribes and nations shall
Your children interchange through coming years,
From warings, pestilences, famines, all,
You will be victims of the reaper "*Death.*"
His law reacting full against the fruit
Of His decree—"To multiply and be
As many as the sands of sea." You seed
Shall never fail to know the parents' wrong
Until the last day fail to see its sun.

THE END.